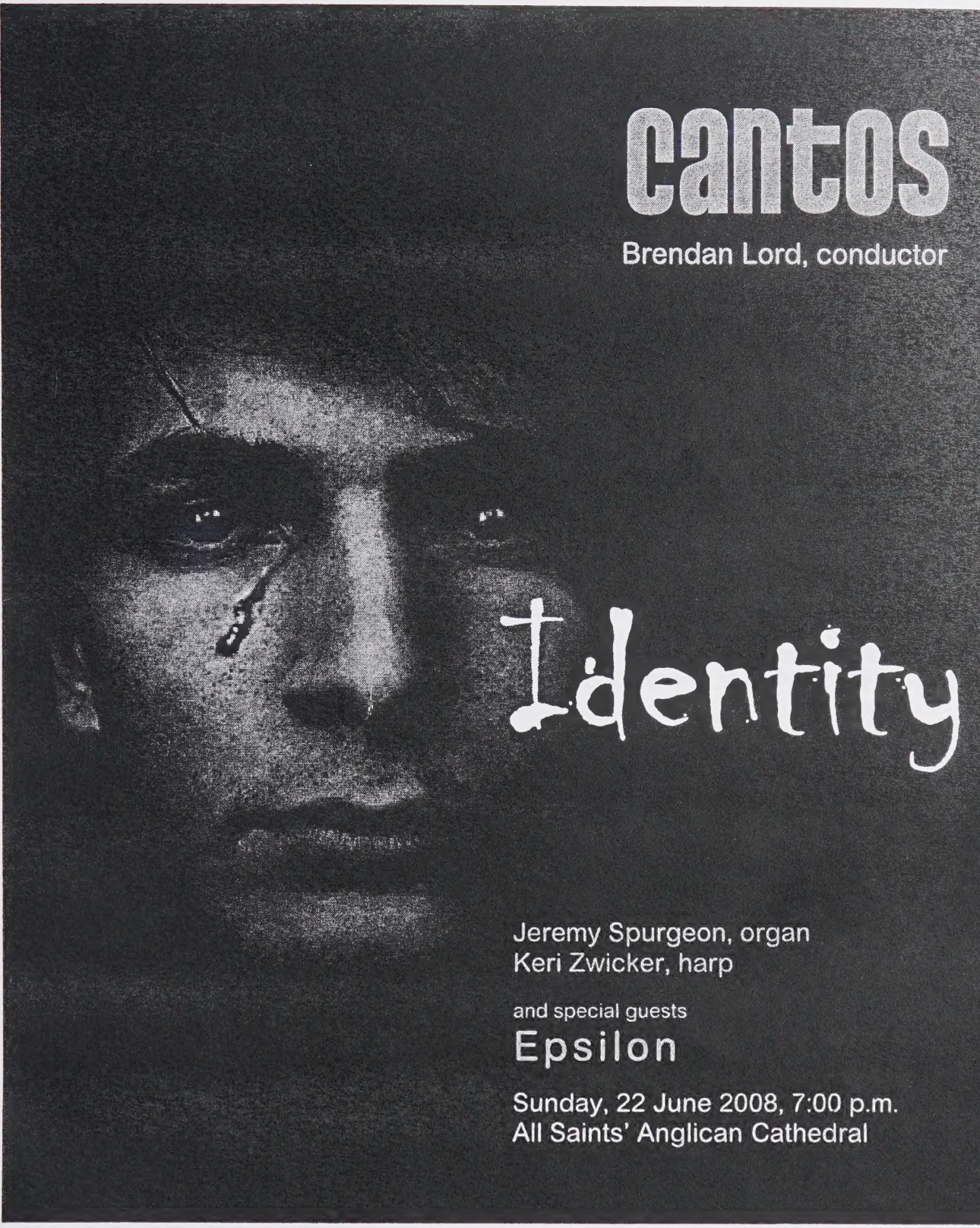
cantos
Brendan Lord, conductor
Identity
Jeremy Spurgeon, organ
Keri Zwicker, harp
and special guests
Epsilon
Sunday, 22 June 2008, 7:00 p.m.
All Saints' Anglican Cathedral

Programme

Cantos Sagrados ..... James McMillan (b. 1959)

Jeremy Spurgeon, organ
Canadian premiere

1. Identity
2. Virgin of Guadalupe
3. Sun Stone

Attende domino ..... Pierre Villette (1926-1998)

I Am the Great Sun ..... Jussi Chydenius (b. 1972)

intermission

Epsilon *Caleb Nelson, tenor; Nathan Willis, tenor; Brett Ludwig, baritone; Kyle Carter, bass; Andrew Malcolm, bass*
program to be chosen from

The Book of Love ..... arr. Kyle Carter
Am I the Only One ..... arr. Tyson Kerr
Chicago ..... arr. Andrew Malcolm
Danny Boy ..... arr. Vox One
Change the World ..... arr. Caleb Nelson

Harpsonnets ..... James Bassi

Keri Zwicker, harp
Canadian Premiere

1. Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day
2. How Like a Winter Hath My Absence Been
3. How Oft, When Thou, My Music, Music Play'st
4. Devouring Time, Blunt Thou the Lion's Paw

Llega la Hora ..... Kristopher Fulton (b. 1978)

Seek Him that Maketh the Seven Stars ..... Jonathan Dove (b. 1959)

Jeremy Spurgeon, organ

Please join us for a reception in the Cathedral Hall following the concert.

Program Notes

James MacMillan is one of Scotland's preeminent composers of the 20th and 21st century. His synthetic style inte grates compositional techniques from the Renaissance, Baroque and modern eras with the primary goal of ex pressing an extramusical idea. The result can be characterized by blatant juxtaposition of harmonic languag creativity with form, exploitation of textural possibilities, and directly affective delivery of text.

Cantos Sagrados (Sacred Songs) takes as its starting point the intensely powerful poetry of Latin American poet Ariel Dorfman and Ana Maria Mendoza. The coupling of these poems, concerned with political repression an injustice, with traditional Catholic texts magnifies the horrific discrimination of oppressed peoples in Latin Amer ica and Mexico in the 1950's and 60's.

"Identity" depicts a frenetic telephone conversation between a priest and an individual at the scene of the disco ery of a mutilated body, which has washed onto the riverbank. The priest and the individual at the scene are eac assigned a layer in MacMillan's three-layer texture; the third layer comprises the organ which functions as th instrument of death throughout the piece. Its role as such is established immediately with the stabbing chord which open the piece and remain prevalent throughout the first movement. The movement closes with a chorale like setting of an excerpt from the Requiem Mass.

The second movement, "Virgin of Guadalupe", fuses bitextuality and bitonality with elements of isorhytmic mote Also in three layers, the middle layer (comprising the alto and tenor voices) creates a halo of sound for Mendoza poem which is set in the highest voices (and the uppermost layer). The rosary is used as the primary determinan harmonic structure and form — the numbers 3, 5, and 10 feature prominently throughout the movement. For ex ample, the color (the repeated melodic line) in the uppermost layer is repeated 10 times, and the halo of sound i the second layer is composed of 3rds and 5ths and changes to new pitch-classes after five repetitions. The orga enters partway through the movement with a continuation of the stabbing chords from "Identity", but move quickly into violent dissonance and rhythmic chaos, depicting the massacre of the poetic subject's brothers an sisters.

The final movement, "Sun Stone", opens with a slow-moving chorale, the cloud of death that hangs over the entir movement. The choral entry of the same musical material sets three lines of the Nicene Creed as an underpinnin to Dorfman's poem — a vivid description of a soldier who begs for the forgiveness of the prisoner whom he i about to execute. By pairing these texts MacMillan draws a parallel between the sacrifice of Christ and the deat of the prisoner. The poetic text is delivered in an ominous chant-like fashion throughout the movement until th moment at which prisoner is shot. At this point, introspective chant turns to near-shouting and heartbeats rac until the soldier pulls the trigger. The final minute of the piece depicts the grief stricken soldier as he begs for for giveness from the prisoner's lifeless body.

Attende domine is one of Pierre Villette's most ambitious choral works. Centered around a recurring descendin whole-tone motif, the piece is divided into eight sections, setting two lines of the Gregorian chant text in eac section. The influence of the music of Poulenc and Massien is particularly evident in the dense texture and adven turous chromaticism which is prevalent throughout.

Jussi Chydenius sings bass in the acclaimed vocal ensemble, Rajaton. His setting of Charles Causley's poem, "I Ar the Great Sun" contrasts disappointment and outrage over human ignorance. Each line is set repeatedly an grows in emotional intensity with each statement. The piece ends in disgust that the abundance of gifts "I" hav

given "you" have been wasted and ignored, and declares that "you" have no one to blame for 'your' unhappiness but yourself.

Composed in 2005, James Bassi's Harpsonnets set four of William Shakespeare's beloved sonnets for harp and choir. Each of the four sonnets in the Bassi's song-cycle focuses on a different aspect of love and the loved one — the eternal beauty of love, the loss of a loved one, the passion and flirtation that accompany young love, and the immortality of love through verse. Bassi takes a direct homophonic approach to the text throughout and uses contrasts in dynamic and articulation as his primary means of expressing the individual lines of the each of the sonnets.

Jonathan Dove writes the following about "Seek Him that Maketh the Seven Stars":

The theme of light, and star-light in particular, is an endless source of inspiration for composers. I came across these words about light and stars while looking for a text to set as an anthem for the Royal Academy of Arts' annual Service for Artists: I thought these images would have a special meaning for visual artists. The anthem begins with a musical image of the night sky, a repeated organ motif of twinkling stars that sets the choir wondering who made them. The refrain 'Seek him' starts in devotional longing but is eventually released into a joyful dance, finally coming to rest in serenity.

Texts & Translations

Cantos Sagrados

1. Identity

What did you say – they found another one?
-- I can't hear you – this morning
another one floating
in the river?
talk louder – so you didn't even dare
no one can identify him?
the police said not even his mother
    not even the mother who bore him
    not even she could
they said that?
the other women already tried – I can't understand what you're saying,
they turned him over and looked at his face, his hands they looked at,
    right.
they're all waiting together,
silent, in mourning,
on the riverbank,
the took him out of the water\he's naked
    as the day he was born,
there's a police captain
and they won't leave until I get there?
He doesn't belong to anybody,
you say he doesn't belong to anybody?
    tell them I'm getting dressed,
        I'm leaving now
    if the captain's the same one as
        last time
    he knows
        what will happen
        that body will have my name –
        my son's my husband's
            my father's
        name
I'll sign the papers tell them
    tell them I'm on my way,
        wait for me
and don't let that captain touch him
don't let that captain take one step closer
    to him.

Tell them not to worry:
I can bury my own dead.

Ariel Dorfman (translated by Edie Grossman)

Libera animas omnium fidelium
defunctorum de poenis inferni,
et de profundo lacu: Libera eas
De ore leonis ne absorbeat eas
tartarus, ne cadant in obscuram.

Deliver the souls of all the faithful
departed from the pains of hell
and from the depths of the pit: deliver them
from the lion's mouth, that hell devour
them not, that they fall not into darkness.

from the *Requiem Mass*

2. Virgin of Guadalupe

Sweet Virgin of Guadalupe,
oh virgin of the gentle eyes,
dark-eyed virgin,
good Lady, my love, painted
by God's own hand
on the cloak of the Indian Juan Diego,
Sweet virgin, my love,
who commanded the bishop
to build you a shrine,
where my brothers the Indians lived
in Tapeyepac in Mexico,
outside the city. Flogged and burned
were those poor little ones,
despised, deceived and mocked,
my brothers the Indians.
A thousand times mistreated,
a thousand thousand killed.

What did you say to the bishop?
"You will build me a house
outside the city, where I will wait,
where I can hear the cries,
the pleas of my Indian children."

Sweet Virgin of Guadalupe,
oh virgin of the gentle eyes,
dark-eyed virgin, my girl,
my love, I want to ask you
this question, dear mother:

Why is it that in Spain,
on the far side of our hills and valleys,
across the sea,
why is there
another Virgin of Guadalupe,
Patron Saint of the Conquerors?
men with great beards,
men on horses,
men with swords and fire,
who crush and burn our homes,
and the Indians,
your children,
still inside?

Why is it, Sweet Virgin,
sweet mother,
why is there another Virgin of Guadalupe,
"Patroness of the Conquerors"?

Ana Maria Mendoza (translated by Gilbert Markus o.p.)

Salve Mater Coeli porta
Virga florens et exorta
David is prosapia.

Hail Mother, portal of heaven
Flowering Virgin, sprung
from the line of David.

Latin hymn

3. Sun Stone

They put the prisoner
against the wall.
A soldier ties his hands.
His fingers touch him – strong,
gentle, saying goodbye.
-- Forgive me, compañero –
says the voice in a whisper,
The echo of his voice
and of
those fingers on his arm
fills his body with light
I tell you his body fills with light
and he almost does not hear
the sound of the shots.

Ariel Dorfman (translated by Edie Grossman)

Ex incarnates est de spritu sancto	He became incarnate of the Virgin Mary,
Ex Maria Virginc, et homo facus est.	and was made man,
Crucifixus etiam pro nobis.	For our sake he was crucified.

from the Creed

Attende domine

Attende domine	Hear us, O Lord,
et miserere,	and have mercy
quia peccavimus	for we have sinned against thee
Omnium Redemptor	Redeemer of all.
Adte Rex summe	To thee, Sovereign King,
Omnium Redemptor	Redeemer of all,
Oculos nostros	we raise our eyes
sublevamus flentes.	in weeping.
Attennde,	Listen, Christ,
Exaudi, Criste supplicantem preces.	to the prayers of your servants.
Attende domine,	Hear us, O Lord,
et miserere,	And have mercy,
quia peccavimus tibi,	for we have sinned against thee.
Dextera Patris,	Thou are at the right hand of the Father,
Lapis angularis.	Cornerstone,
Via salutis Janua coelestis,	Way of salvation
lapis angularis.	and Gate of Heaven.
Attende domine.	Hear us, O Lord.
Abluc nostril,	Wash away the stains of our sins.
maculas delecti,	Hear us, O Lord,
Attende domine miserere.	and have mercy.
Amen.	Amen

Latin hymn

I am the Great Sun

I am the great sun, but you do not see me,
I am your husband, but you turn away.
I am the captive, but you do not free me,
I am the captain but you will not obey.
I am the truth, but you will not believe me,
I am the city where you will not stay.
I am your wife, your child, but you will leave me,
I am that God to whom you will not pray.
I am your counsel, but you will not hear me,
I am your lover whom you will betray.
I am the victor, but you do not cheer me,
I am the holy dove whom you will slay.
I am your life, but if you will not name me,
Seal up your soul with tears, and never blame me.

Charles Causley

Harpsonnets

Sonnet 18 | Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet 97 | How Like a Winter Hath My Absence Been

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time,
The teeming autumn big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widowed wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seemed to me

But hope of orphans, and unfathered fruit,
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

Sonnet 128 | How Oft, When Thou, My Music, Music Play'st

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap,
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips,
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

Sonnet 19 | Devouring Time, Blunt Thou the Lion's Paws

Devouring Time blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phoenix, in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt swift-footed Time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime,
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

William Shakespeare

Llega la Hora

Llega la hora del olvido
los recuerdos se oscurcen
los arboles vuelven a la tierra
los mares a los cieos
el tiempo va retrocediendo
y tú te olvidas de mi

The hour of forgetting arrives
memories darken
trees return to the earth
the seas to the skies
time is receding
and you forget me

Llega la hora del eclipe
las luces ya desaparacen
los amore vuelven al pasado
los fuegos al espacio
el tiempo va retrocediendo
y tú te olvidas de mi

The hour of the eclipse arrives
the lights disappear
the planets return to the infinite
the fires to space
time is receding
and you forget me

Llega la hora de la sombre
las estrellas cambian de color
los amores vuelven as pasado
mientras te sigo mirando
el tiempo va retrociendo
y se que no vas a volver

The hour of the shadow arrives
stars change their colour
lovers return to the past
as I keep watching you
time is receding
and I know that you will not return

Kico Gonzalez-Risso

Seek Him that Maketh the Seven Stars

Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion
And turneth the shadow of death into the morning.
Alleluia, yea, the darkness shineth as the day, the night is light about me.
Amen.

Amos 5:8; Psalm 139

cantos

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Megan Chartrand	Lorna Arndt	John Brough	Jonathon Adams
Kimberley Denis	Catherine Benavides	John Huck	Kyle Carter
Jessica Fontaine	Joy Berg	Doug Jahns	Chris Giffen
Christine Jones	Kathleen Conway	Guillaume Laroche	Yu-Ting Lin
Carole Kube	Lana Cuthbertson	Brett Ludwig	Andrew Malcolm
Odette Lackey	Tamara Guillaume	Caleb Nelson	Damon McLeod
Gillian Scarlett	Colleen Jahns	Nathan Willis	Adam Robertson
Kathleen Skinner	Brynn McDonald		Anthony Wynne

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